









THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received Telling the Flans

HIS BRIDE TO BE



EAR:-The first tang of autumn is in the air and the little groups of school kiddies have begun their morning walk under my window, and watching them my mind has gone back to the little girl who was me, and who felt so sorry for grown-up folks because they couldn't believe in fairies or have any real fun. And now, looking back, I am almost sorry for the little girls because they have not yet heard the most wonderful fairy tale of all-a story that turns the world to rosy dreams and makes even the most prosaic young woman a real princess in a fabled castle of love.

Your letter filled me with happiness, and, yet, do you know, the more tender your letters the harder the separation. A short, unloverlike note sets me to work upon daily tasks to lose my hurt little feeling in a maze of visions of that future home and home duties, but a letter that is full of love makes me restless and full of yearnings, and that is why today the study of economics doesn't seem to appeal to me. And yet, for the first time I am going to plunge into the mysteries of autumn house cleaning to learn the whys and wherefores of how to sweep and dust and put the curtains up to keep out the cold breath of winter.

Thrilling Bit of Romance

To my mind there is a thrilling bit of romance, anyhow, in the storeroom. I love the smell of the cedar chests and the lifting out of curtains long familiar and yet strange because of their summer sleep. There is a certain zest in seeing the rooms turned from summery coolness to the snugness that suggests snowy nights and the moaning of the wind about the eaves, and this year I enjoy it even more, for the coming of winter brings the time when I shall be with you so much nearer. Oh, honey, honey, will it really be the spring, do you suppose? Do you honestly think the new position will be open and that at Easter-oh, I dare not write it; lest, as Aunt Henrietta says, count my chickens before they are hatched and lose the whole brood from exposing the eggs.

She is so funny. She came over yesterday and took back the two tablespoons of grandmother's that she had given me because she said that she'd heard that two spoons were an unlucky number, and so she is sending me grandmother's teaset instead. Need I say how delighted I am, or rather will be, if the teaset comes, for she may decide that that is bad luck, too?

Love In the Ascendant

I told her nothing was bad luck when love was in the ascendant. but she just sniffed in her funny way and told me that she was old while I was still young, and she knew a thing or two of the world, the flesh and devil and men, who were all three, and that it was never such dry weather that all signs failed when a wedding was in I laughed so I couldn't contradict her, but do you know, dear. I think that underneath she is having the time of her life hearing about you and helping with my trousseau.

But I wouldn't say it to her. Oceans of love, from

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"It looked for a while as though are respectable married ladies, gracing Amelia Bingham and Bijou Fernandez the stage with their talents and charms Amelia Bingham and Bijou Fernandes and have never shown any indications were getting in the Lillian Graham of wishing to go in for target practice class," said the stage-struck youth as wi'n millionaires' walking gear for the he folded up an early edition. objective point. Of course, the man who

"Oh, nothin' so bad as that," said the kidnaped them ranks as a millionaire, stage doorkeeper. "They are not that but I can't see your point of view for kind of girls. Just because John Pol- a minute. Here the two ladies go lock put that story over on the New aboard the yacht that is swinging idly York papers about a guy throwing a off Riverside drive to have coffee after tarry bag over Lillian's head and carry-ing her off into the wilds of Pough-is a ride down the harbor mentioned and keepsie there is no reason why you they all fall for it, should class Amella and Bijou with "When they got

What's the Difference?

"Well, didn't they get kidnaped, and aire guy decided that as it is midnight don't that make them qualify for the it is too late to turn around, and he gives the motorman two bells and the

"Nix, nix, kid," and the stage door-beeper fairly snorted. "Amy and Bij

Our Son and Heir Says He Feels Bad

Yes, I'm on my way to the doctah's now. I feel so queeah that it's really alarming, don't you know. I almost fear that I may be-ah-developing something. I wondah if Gladys' sofa



cushion has anything to do with it? I suppose you've heard of the new ci-gabrettes with the little squares of silk in the boxes? The girls save the pieces of silk and make cushions out of tnem, king. don't you know. Silly ideah, but Gladys got the notion into her head that she had to have a sofa cushion made of the ence. blooming things, and, of course, she called on me to help her out,

So I changed my brand of cigahrettes. It seemed to be such a bully chawnse to future before him. get in solid with Gladys-a rippin' fine girl, Gladys. But, by Jove, the stlly thing wanted four and five pieces of hardly expect it to be behind him at his the silky silk every day. So I simply had to smoke more; there was no way out of it. Yesterday I finished sixty-five of the beastly cigahrettes and this is my fifty-third today. it be Gladys' cushion, do you think?

Prospects

"Has she any prospects?"
"I should say she has. She knows a

"When they got off of Long Island some place the ladies want to turn

back so that they will be in New York

Back At Noon

"They all get back to New York about noon the next day, and the ladies in

their deccoletty evening gowns made a

great hit as they turn up at their apart-

still stick to my original assertion."

"Well, it strikes me," said the stage-

"Kid," said the S. D. K. severely,

Amelia's and Bijou's husbands were along on this kidnaping expedition."

DISCRETION

his daughter's hand in marriage?

Bill-And what did he say?

Jill-He was very angry. Bill-And what did you do?

Bill-And you asked the father for

Jill-I treated him as I would a

Jill-Why, I backed out of his pres

Was Only Six

Fond Parent-Johnnie has a great

And Win Your Suit

Tell These to Her

Jill-Yes; last night.

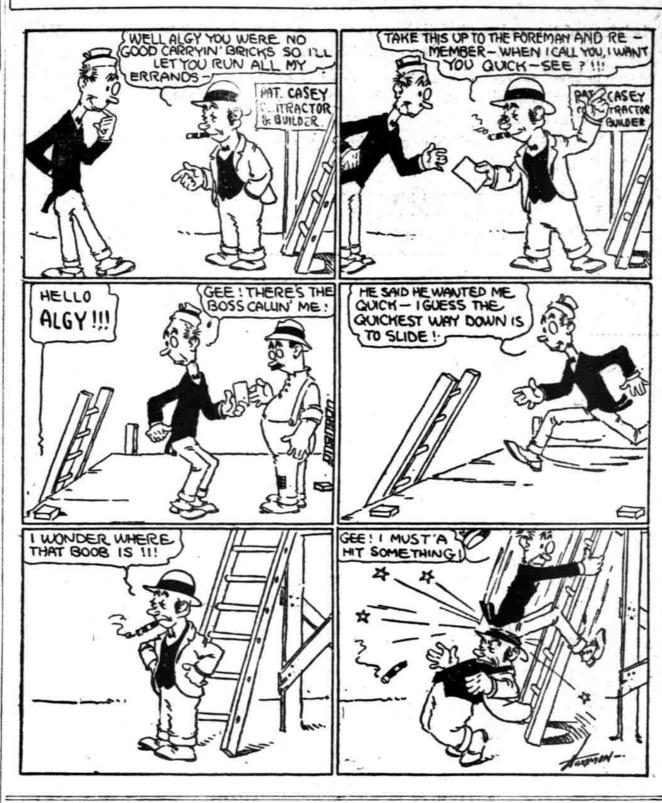
Grouchy Batch-Well,

Bill-How so?

yacht goes on to New London.

PyJAMES H. HAMMON

HE WAS, THERE WITH A BUMP



Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WITH THE DOG



woman may be regarded as a misfortune. But when it is attached to the leash that drags a pretty, young girl like you at the other end, it is ing, he met the dog, with the girl on struck youth, "that that is about as scandalous affair as the other and I

an abomination. It's an object of ill omen. In the eyes of men. I mean.

"you want to read farther down in the article. You will then find that It makes no difference how you try to crawl under or endeavor to overlook it, men like women who like babies. It stands for the womanly tenderness, the especial brand of affection that every man believes is essential to the character of a woman.

Red and Squirming Morsel

The man may positively fear the red and squirming morsel that represents the future man. He may avoid the house where it appears as he would science for ceasing to visit the home of his dearest friends because of the new member of the family by sending costly gifts. He may evidence his disapproval in all the silent ways by which men express their dislikes; BUT he is instantly suspicious of a girl who shares

his dislike for babies. And here's the point-logical or not, it's a fact - a girl with a dog, especially one of the lap kind, summons into a man's mind a picture of a fat matron who hates babies and adores her poodle. A delightful girl I know has three of these rakish, devoted, intelligent dogs

BUSY AT BRIDGE

'Miss Gwendolyn, I should like to ask you to marry me." "You are interrupting the bridge I really do feel horribly queeah. Can millionaire that she expects to marry game now, Mr. Wibbles. Wait until be Gladys' cushion, do you think? or sue for breach of promise." I'm dummy?"

DOG on a string leading a married with hair in their eyes. A man who rec- her before. "I wouldn't have thought ognizes the charm of the girl often plays it of you!" The girl flamed into a becoming anger. with her and the dogs. The other morn-

> the string trotting along behind. "I do. But not on strings!" "By Jove! It's an insult to a decent dog!" he exclaimed with a look at the girl quite unlike any he had cast toward

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY One man with his heart in his work the convict in Maidstone gaol, who, according to a Kentish contemp. 'played very pathetically, 'Oh, for the wings of a dove,' on the chapel organ. -The Pink 'Un.



"I thought you liked dogs!"

And the pretty girl is wondering at the inconsistency of men. She cannot see why a man will enjoy a girl's possession of three dogs at large on the awn and resent her taking one out on

Women Who Are Fast

You, with your canine wad of white rool rolling along in front of you. tangling up the legs of unwary pe-long as the snakes were around the destrians, behaving generally in a grounds he couldn't tell which were way that ought to embarrass you, but does not—just learn of me. You are running do n the value of your own You are disgusting the kind of men who make good husbands. You are putting yourself in the class with women who are fast, women who hate babies and women who insult dogs! I'd like to know how you expect anything masculine worth having to want you. You will have to hunt up one of the with-all-your-faults-heloves-you-still kind of men. And they are scarcer than hens' teeth. Men do not have to be tolerant. There are too many girls busy with all their energy at "exactly suiting" them. I should cut the dog's string, if I were you!

HASN'T COME DOWN "Our silly servant lit the kitchen fire with coal oil the other morning,

and ruined the stove." "Did you discharge her?" "No, we haven't found her yet."

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

They May Try to Hide It From You, But

ALL AMERICANS INVENT



HAT do you think Bill's went and done, Belle? No, nothin' like that, you romantic thing! He's invented a fly trap, and he's goin' to try to get it patented. The flies walk in and neglect to walk out, and when there's enough flies in it you bury it or somepin'

The way Bill described it, it's the greatest thing ever. If I was a fly, I'd walk into it myself. Any-

how, he's goin' to have it patented.

Did you ever think, Belle, what a wonderful institution that patent office in Washington is? If it wasn't for the patent office, people wouldn't invent, and what would we do, Belle, without the telephone, and the swivel collar button, and the Yale lock, and the Deaderstill brand o' insect powder? To say nothin' of the electric light, and the alarm clock that keeps goin' until you

get up and check it. I read where the patent office granted its millionth patent the other day, so they must grant patents for more foolish inventions than Bill's fly trap.

Every American Has Invented Something

I think, Belle, that some time in his life, every man in the country has invented something. They may deny it, but they have, just the same. It's the great American secret. Keep at 'em long enough, and if you don't make 'em admit that they've invented a non-leakable stopper for a milk bottle, or a baby's bottle built so it'll stay in the baby's mouth until it's empty, or somepin', it'll just go to show that you're no good at the third degree. They must have busy times at the patent office, Belle, weedin'

out the requests for patents, and tryin' to decide which ones'll be of some use in the world. I can imagine the chief patent granter sittin' at the desk he patented himself, and dictatin' refusals to his

"Dear Mr. Smith, Oshkosh, Wisconsin," he'll dictate, "I'm sorry to refuse you a patent for your invention to keep mosquitoes off sleepin' babies by a system of automatic hammers, but we trust you will view the refusal favorably when we point out the grave danger to the subject in case the babies should wake up."

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

if you dont wunt to, ma sed to pop back agen with sum lettirs.

O, sed pop, do you expeckt that. to kall me huny buntch, Henry, Well, you don't get me out of this house by eny sutch suckterfuge, he wunt to spend a nise kwiet eevning at sed. hoam Im told that Im in the way bekaus sum konfowndid frend of your alnshunt gerlhood days is kuming in

Both Glad I am sure yure wellkum, sed ma, Im

glad yure going to stay. Im glad yure glad, sed pop.
Im glad yure glad Im glad, sed ma. Then pop startld reeding the papir, and ma startid singing low to herself, untill pop sed. For the luv of simfinny,

I was thinking of wat perficktly deer letteirs you ust to rite to me wen we was ingaged, sed ma. I caim ackross sum of them this aftirhoon. Ill go and

Dont trubbil yurself, sed pop. O, its no trubbil, sed ma, and she rang, and it was Mrs. Libby.

You dont haff to stay hoam tonite went out of the setting room and calm

last nite. Mrs. Libby is kuming to
see me, she sed, and I expekt we will
have a old-fashined chat.

I think this is the sweetest wun of
awl, she sed, it begins, Preshus huny
buntch. Do you remembir wen you ust I remember werse things than that,

sed, bekaus I can see rite throo you. sed pop, and you awt to be ashamed im good enuff to have erround wen thares noboddy else, but wen I reely of setting thare gloating ovir it, he

Nonsents!

Nonsents, Henry, sed ma, I think it was perficktly luvly. Down ferthir in to tawk her hed awf. Well, awl I the lettir you kall me, Inefferble luvcan say is, heer I am and heer I stay, vykins. That's a wunderful name, Henry, she sed, I don't see how you evir

thawt of it. Neethir do I, sed pop, and I think \$ examples is enuff to ustablish the gilt of the prizner. Dont tawk foolish, said ma. I wunt

to read you the hole lettir. Its a bewtifull lettir, she sed, and you awt to of bin a awther. By Jukiter, Ive got a ingagemint, sed pop. I allmost forgot awl about

it. Wares my hat. Heer it is, sed ma, giving it to him. good nite.

Then pop went out and ma put the lettirs away and then the doar bell

Forward Passes That Are Safe For All

NO FOOD AT ALL

'I'd thank yer fur a meal-"Ah!" exclaimed the bright, pleasant housekeeper, "you're one of those after-dinner speakers." "Not exactly, lady, or I wouldn't be

so hungry. I ain't got so much as a chestnut about me.

Saw Them Often "The proprietor of the circus discharged the snake charmer."

"Because he's a hard drinker, and as

A Fair Exchange Hampton-Do you have any trouble the ball game? The boss-No. Eddle's a good lad;

he'll let me off to the game if I'll let him have my touring ear a few evenings a week. Only One Tie

hem together. "And that is?" "Her new gown. Having no maid, she has to depend on her husband to

ook her up the back. Improving Fair Maid-Do you think my voice

improving?
Candid Man—My, yes! It hasn't got
that steamboat whistle tone to it now
—it's more like a locomotive.

Jack Klambake's Love; Or, Revenge

The Humperty twins looked so much "Lady," began Hungry Higgins, alike that one of them was frequently discovered talking to herself in the



belief that she was addressing her

Handsome Jack Klambake loved with your office boy about getting to Dora. The night before the opening of our story he had proposed to her and was accepted.

At supper time Dora slipped into Flora's chair, and, making a noise like Flora, consumed all sister's soup before Flora entered the dining room, and Flora was out for revenge

"They quarrel a good deal."

The doorbell rang. It was Jack's "Yes; there's only one tie that keeps ring! Flora flew to the door. "Jack!" she cried.
"Dora!" cried Jack, and kissed her. "Jack," said Flora, "don't let's get married regular. It's so common. Let's elope, now, right away, this minute!" Jack kissed her in the hall.

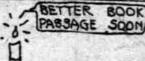
Dora had recognized Jack's ring. She slipped on something and came down. "Flora!" she cried. "Flora! Where's Jack?" There was no answer, and a chill wind blew into the hallway from the











SOME ONE

open vestibule door.